

The Liberation of the Underground

God had died when man was born. Therefore we worship a rotting corpse. The fire burns my flesh as an ice cube to a flame. The bleeding is cauterized to the skin and they watch as I'm being killed. But what led me to this moment was all worth the pain I face now.

2 days earlier I was walking into the town with Judas, my fellow squire. The smell of the rotting meat was unbearable but it was the times. The dirt under our boots had protected us from the mice running throughout the city, infecting some of the serfs. We walked towards the middle of the town where the giant crucifix stood looking over the whole town. Judas had said to me "Be prepared Enoch, for today is one of our final lessons. And did you take your pill today?" Enoch had been the name given to me by the king. He had chosen me as one of the children selected for the new royal guard. He thought it hilarious to choose a kid with only half of his vision. My left eye had no vision and had slowly turned to a diamond white overtime. Seeing only half the world would always leave me to wonder what I'm missing. The pill mentioned is taken by everyone in the town. It is supposed to let your soul grow closer with god. We walked into the castle grounds and were immediately met by the knight Moses, our instructor. Judas was right. This was the final lesson and that night we would be knighted. From being trained since I could walk, I had waited for the day for the past 15 years.

"Welcome Enoch and Judas, It is an honor to teach you both your final lesson, but let us pray before we begin," Moses had said. We bowed our heads and folded our hands. I had asked God for the strength needed for the challenge ahead. After the prayer Moses had led us down a new path. He explained to us that the final lesson is nothing we could comprehend. He took us to meet the king first before showing us the lesson. The king had no name other than the messiah,

he was said to be chosen by god to be the new prophet. We had kneeled and waited to be dismissed from the king but instead of dismissing us he glared with a distrustful look and told us to get up. The king had taken us to the library and ordered the guards outside to follow him. I always wondered why the guards would be so heavily armed outside of a library. But it makes so much sense now. The guards had equipped their swords and moved the smallest bookshelf aside to show a magic door. It looked to be a door made from the gods with its sorcerer listening through it. The king had pushed the red button and had started to speak in a different language. “What does that mean, my liege?” Judas had asked.

“It is a dead language called English, all knights must learn only the words to open this door and the meaning would be taught later on,” The messiah had responded. The door had seemed to slide into the wall, and the magic door had led down a well lit stairway. They had captured the power of the sun and had put them into little bulbs on the top of the ceiling. I had never seen anything of the kind before. Two more guards were at the bottom of the stairs and the sound of clashing iron and the grunting of hard labor had been heard throughout the halls. What I saw had destroyed any positivity I had about our city. Hundreds of thousands of people were constantly working and being tortured to make products sold by the merchants above. These people had dark skin, and were shackled and whipped by knights surrounding them all. It was horrible. “Cainland runs off of this place, the underground,” the Messiah had claimed “Enoch, What year do you presume it is?” I was not prepared for this question because it seems so obvious. “Well it’s 500 years after the birth of Christ my lord,” I responded.

“Well that is wrong young one, the year is 2543. 500 years after the third world war. 100 years after the civil war of the states. And 2500 years after the real birth of Christ. Cainland had been created as a concentration camp to begin with, but then we built up upon it and created a new

society, one based on the old ways of the church; killing and torturing people to turn back to god,” The messiah had said.

The daze I was left in overtook me and destroyed me. Nothing in this life was real and I was made off of the work of captive people. We were dismissed soon after to return back to the castle that night. I took an oath to not tell anyone in the town but it was against my own morals to keep it a secret. So of course I couldn't keep the secret. I went home and told my mom everything. She was the only family I had left and she deserved to know. She stared with a grim look throughout the whole explanation. She knew something I didn't. I asked her what she was thinking and she said “I have to tell you the truth now and listen to me, it was nothing I wanted to do to hurt you. But you need to understand. I am the only one in this evil town that knew about the underground because I was from the underground, and so was your father.” My heart dropped. She had never talked about my father before and she kept me for 15 years without even a clue to the horrors of our nation. She continued by walking over and grabbing a hammer “I was born, what sorcerers would call an albino of the africans. The magic they use is not real magic. It is the teachings of the rules of nature to create cures and poisons for all of us. One poison being the pill given to us every day. The messiah found me when I was young and thought of me as a gift from god. He gave me the passages of olden times. But he had gotten bored of me and hated me for learning much more than he had. He then threw me to the streets and chose you to be a knight to torcher me. I had to come up with a formula from one of the books to discolor your skin so he wouldn't send you to that god awful place.” She was starting to sob and through tears she said “It's my fault you're blind as well. I had gotten some of the formula in your eye and you had cried for hours. Everyday I am so ashamed of my mistakes. But

I need you to do something now. Do you see the black mark on the wall over there? Hit it with this hammer and you'll find out everything else about your father and your past."

A thousand daggers of hate, anger and sadness stabbed every part of my body. I took the hammer and smashed the wall. The wall had crumbled just as I had. Hit after hit had left us shattered. How could she keep this from me? Why cause us all this pain? I was gone from all sanity that I had hit what was inside of the wall. A black box filled with pictures and translated stories. There seemed to be hundreds. There were stories of a time like mine, one was about a savior named Harriet Tubman who would free the slaves of an old land called America, another about a man named Fredrick Douglas. I had learned that my people have faced this cruelty for almost all of human history. Under all of that was a picture of a man. The man was young with long curly hair, identical to mine. The photo had a short note on the back in a language I could not read. All that was eligible was the signature " Samael Riveras." It was like looking at my life in a different world. It was me, but just with the slightest differences. It had taken me 10 minutes to realize that this man was my father. My mother explained that he was killed after he had found her after all the time she had been gone from the underground. The messiah had led my father to the gallows like a lamb to the slaughter after that. But all I know now is he was my history, and is now a cause for a better future.

That night after the ceremony I had snuck to the library and acted as if I was on duty now since I had finally been knighted. Since the ceremony had gotten many of the elder knights drunk, it was easy to get the code to the door. I was hiding in plain sight. The only eyes that would have spotted me was that of the false lord above. I had walked to a corner of this giant facility, still amazed by the size of a place unknown to the kingdom. I had waited a few minutes before taking a group of the men away from the hell house they called home. "You all deserve a

life more than this.” I had started with “ When god had left us so long ago it has become up to us to decide our fates. Your families, your loved ones, and most importantly yourselves have been subjected to torture from a monarchy you were never promised a role in. But I am here now, not sent from a god or angel above, but as an escapee of the underground to free you all. I am the poison of the false god. My name is Samael Riveras.” I had decided that the representation of my father would lead these people so much more rather than the corruption and enslavement of the name given to me by the man who had killed my father. “ In 2 nights, I will return with the gates open and the land of freedom waiting for you all. When you spot me, rush out with everyone else.”

I had kept my word exactly. I had known that judgment day was now upon Cainland, and I was the horsemen waiting to cast the bells. There would be no stopping of the revolution that was about to occur. I had killed the two guards at the library and hid them in the middle of a random aisle inside. With them being dead it had been easier but so much more dangerous for the revolution to take place. I had opened the magical door and killed the other two guards on the steps. I had been trained by all these men at one point or another, but they had only trained me as a weapon, rather than a human so I did what had to be done. Around fifty or so guards had taken up each section of the underground. I had found the men I had talked to first and had gave them the order for half of them to use their tools to overpower the knights and for the others to alert the rest of the people. Together we had slaughtered 5 of the men before the people had caught on. Many of the people had used what shackled them to the underground. The weavers had used their needles to stab the throats of their masters. The blacksmiths used their hammer to smash the heads of their whippers. The cooks used their knives to pierce their controllers. It was the most beautiful way of revenge I had ever witnessed. With one knight selected from 50 people

it was easy to overpower them but it didn't come without consequences. Some died fighting for their freedom and I had hoped that if there is an afterlife, these warriors had made it. They stormed through the stairwell and through the town, running for a better life. I had waited until it was the last few people and ran out of the underground with them, as my father did so long ago. I had used my training to fend off the guards from the children that fell behind and waited until I could not see the people anymore. I had fell behind because of the constant fighting but it was worth it. I had gotten to the end of the city when I felt a sharp pain in my back and I could feel all the blood inside me start to rush. I had been stabbed. As I fell to the ground the last thing I had seen was the face of my killer: Judas. I had trusted Judas with my life and he gave it all up for nothing. I had now lost everything.

I woke up 5 hours later, with the sun beaming through a cell window. They had put thumb screws through my hand and gauze through the stab. They didn't want me to die without all the extra pain. I had been marched out to the cross that had been a sign of hope only three days before and was tied down to the metal bottom of it. As the town gathered, all that was left was the thought of what I had done. When god had become propaganda for an evil society, I had known he had always been so. Judas had the honor of lighting the wood beneath me. He watched with no remorse for what he had done to me. Which had led me straight to the first thing I had told you. God had died when man was born. Therefore we worship a rotting corpse. Like me.